

# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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## THOSE REPUBLICAN PRAYERS.

It is interesting to note the keenness with which the republicans in congress are able to scent some kind of forthcoming hard times as the result of the legislation recently placed and about to be placed upon the federal statute books by the democrats.

Shaky industrial conditions, under republican rule, are, of course, due to "natural causes", but it is different when the reins have been turned over to democracy. Even the panic of 1907 could not be charged against the republican party, for Theodore Roosevelt, though elected as a republican, was to become a bull mooser and so the panic of 1907 must be charged against the bull moosers.

Says Jim Mann, the republican bell cow of the house:

"I attribute the condition partly to the tariff bill, partly to the threat of political control of banking and currency, partly to other things, and finally to the general lack of ability on the part of the democratic party to govern the country."

So far, however, there appears to be a tall, lank school master in the white house, that the chronic makers of panics have up to date, at least, been careful how to monkey with.

When tariff and currency legislation was first taken up, it will be recalled that all st. decided that there must be a flurry and a scarcity of money, but when Secy. McAdoo offered to turn \$50,000,000 over to the country banks in case of necessity—note that he said country banks, not Wall st.—the flurry subsided and it was found that the currency wasn't needed.

The protected manufacturers about the same time made out that in case the tariff law passed, they would have to shut down their plants and the history of 1903 would have to be repeated.

Secy. of Commerce Redfield answered in behalf of his department, and presumably for the president, that any such "shut down" would be thoroughly investigated, and that any one found unduly responsible for the consequent hard times, would have to suffer the consequences.

It was even hinted that the closed plants might be placed in the hands of a receiver, and conducted for the benefit of the people, should the demands of the times require it,—and there has been no industrial panic following the passage of the new tariff law.

Maybe all this is a "lack of ability on the part of the democratic party to govern the country", but evidently there is a man in the white house, backed by a cabinet, that the panic-makers do not care to monkey with. Maybe, too, the realization of this, is what is making Mr. Mann so anxious—because of his blasted hopes.

## HIGH APPROVAL.

The Continental and Commercial bank and the Merchants' Loan and Trust company of Chicago are among the considerable number of banking institutions which have made tentative application for admission to the reserve system provided for in the banking and currency bill now about to become a law.

George M. Reynolds, president of the former, and E. D. Hulbert, vice president of the latter, have accepted the bill and expressed the opinion that when it becomes a law it will operate to prevent a recurrence of financial panics and assure more stable money and business conditions throughout the country. The attitude of these two men will have a wide influence in the middle west in creating public confidence in the measure.

These authorities on finance do not admit that the bill is without objectionable features, but they believe the common interest of the people and the banks will bring about such amendments as may be deemed necessary to remove objectionable features. Much will depend, these financiers believe on the appointment made by the president under the bill and the wise administration of the law.

It can scarcely be expected that the currency bill should be more free from objectionable features or less subject to change than other important legislation which is more or less unavoidably an experiment. The Sherman anti-trust law is a shining example. That law is universally recognized as imperfect, but it has done its work so well that so far all plans to amend it or re-enforce it have ended with the making of them.

Many with statements have been made about the currency bill and some of its provisions were bitterly fought by bankers and representatives of the money trust, but these antagonisms will be overshadowed by the good opinion of such men as John M. Reynolds and E. D. Hulbert. The basic principles of the bill being sound the superstructure may be somewhat defective without impairing its usefulness as a law.

The gist of the thing is that some provision must be made to prevent the frequently recurring financial

panics which have wrought destruction to commercial and industrial interests and that up to date the currency bill now before congress is the best remedy offered.

## A PEACEFUL POLICY.

Pres. Wilson's policy toward the trusts is similar to that followed by his administration in its dealings with the Mexican situation. The president is disposed to give the trusts a reasonable opportunity to voluntarily dissolve.

And the president has reason to believe that this policy will be successful. Negotiations with the managers of some of the large interests disclose a more tractable spirit and a recognition of the inevitable, and in view of this disposition to obey the law Pres. Wilson is not inclined to arbitrary enforcement. He has no desire to cripple legitimate business in any way nor to impose large expense upon these interests merely for the sake of playing to the galleries.

If the trusts will voluntarily pass under the yoke of government regulation and sincerely consent to abide by the law that is the thing most to be desired. Laws are enacted with the expectation that they will be obeyed rather than that the authorities will be compelled to enforce them and the moral effect of such voluntary compliance is much more beneficial than reluctant obedience at the end of litigation. The time of the government can be expended to much better advantage in soliciting and encouraging voluntary compliance than in prosecuting offenders.

Two causes have contributed to this new attitude on the part of the trusts. The prospect of escaping prosecution and forcible dissolution no longer exists. The trusts realize that the present administration is earnest and determined in its purpose to put an end to non-competitive business. They are also inspired with confidence that they will receive fair treatment.

## THE POLITICAL QUIRKS.

It is hardly worth while following closely the details of the schism which created two warring factions out of the republican party, but as these details are political history in the making it is well to keep track of the salient features.

At this moment both of these factions are defiant and irreconcilable in their public acts and utterances. They would much prefer doing a kind act or saying a kind word for their common and inveterate enemies, the democrats, than for each other, and each in the eyes of the other is the embodiment of unholy ambition, greed and hypocrisy.

Each is charging the other with all sorts of political crimes and declaring itself competent to prove the charges, and each is claiming for itself the credit of being the only original and safe exponent of progress. And the democrats, who are making progressivism a condition rather than a theory, just have to laugh. They are actually doing at the first opportunity the things the republicans in their various phases have promised and talked of doing for decades.

The trouble with both of these factions is they are in wrong, to use a familiar expression. They have no conception of what the democrats have so quickly established, a working relationship between the people and the government. They cannot get away from the ancient idea that the party is everything and the government and the people only means to an end.

O, no, there has never been a merger between the American Telephone and Telegraph company and the Western Union. The development of the mutual relations between the two has been merely of a complimentary character, or an extension by each of the other's facilities. T. N. Vall, president of both companies, said so himself.

All official Washington, including the president and his family, will eat buckwheat cakes Christmas morning as a courtesy from Sen. Oliver, who distributed 155 bags of Pennsylvania buckwheat flour about the capital. And they do say that Pennsylvania buckwheat makes you scratch to beat the dog.

Members of the conference committees are expected to pick flaws in the currency bill. That is one of the things they were appointed for. But they will also be expected to do their picking early.

We have the word of George W. Perkins that the professed reform of the republican party is a sham, and surely Mr. Perkins would not say such an unkind thing unless it is true.

Do your Christmas eating slowly. You can eat more.

# THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

## THAT CHRISTMAS FEELING.

Christmas was a-coming.  
My pants were sorely rent,  
I turned my pockets over,  
But couldn't find a cent.

I thought of many relatives,  
Of countless friends, I knew,  
And yet through all my pockets  
I couldn't find a sou.

"Do your Xmas shopping early"  
Put me in a pickle.  
For I turned my pockets over  
But couldn't find a nickel.

Saw many things I wanted,  
And tears I could have shed,  
When I turned my pockets over  
And couldn't find a "red."

## L'Envoi.

Christmas comes but once a year  
And still it is a yoke  
For I turn my pockets over  
And find I'm always broke.

—J. AKE.

OBSERVATION teaches that the man who pines himself is, in the well known phrase, out of ten, a has-been and cannot come back; also, that his is the only pity bestowed upon him.

THE man in hard luck who takes his medicine without a grimace is the one who gets the sympathy and the helping hand.

THE house has about as much use for a quitter as a good cook has for a cold-storage egg.

HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY.  
Tune: "Old Lang Syne."

A Pennsylvanian farmer had two hens,  
And neither one would lay.  
Though he fed them both on ensilage  
And the best alfalfa hay.

Chorus:

You've got to join the grange, my dear,  
You've got to join the grange;  
If you want to make your old hens lay,  
You've got to join the grange.

He paid four bits for storage eggs  
For his wife to make a cake.  
The eggs were poor and the cake was worse.

And they both had the tummy-ache,  
Chorus:

But these two hens kept up their strike  
Till they made the farmer sick;  
So he sold both hens to Tommy Jones,  
Who lives near Battle Creek.

Chorus:

Now Tommy had a fertile farm,  
And kept a herd of cows,  
Two horses, a dog and one old cat,  
And a couple of Berkshire sows.

Chorus:

He added these hens to his other stock,  
And fed them every day;  
And took the advice of a poultry expert.

But the blamed old hens wouldn't lay,  
Chorus:

Luke Smith and Frank Minges met him one day,  
And to them, said he: "Ain't it strange

## SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Warren E. Curtis,  
Broad Street,  
New York city.

Have heard nothing since the sixteenth. Are you ill? Am very anxious. Wire.

—Helen.

Helen counted the words. Thirteen! No, no, she would not send a telegram with 13 words. She was too superstitious for that. What could she leave out of the "and"—that left twelve. If she could get it down to ten, it would be just 70 cents. Again she read it over, and crossed out "have" and "the" it now read: "Heard nothing since sixteenth. Are you ill? Very anxious. Wire."

How could she get this telegram to the office without anyone knowing. By pretending to receive letters from Warren, she had so far kept her family in ignorance of his silence.

She must make some excuse for an errand to Main st. The pattern for Winifred's coat! She again copied the telegram, and then went down on the porch where her mother was sewing.

"Mother, I think I'd better get that pattern for Winifred's coat now, so I can cut it out this afternoon."

"All right, dear. Don't you want to take the buggy? You can get back before your father will need it."

Helen looked out at the gate, before which Topsy was standing.

Helen Drives Alone.

"But Tom needn't drive me. I can manage Topsy. You know I used to drive her."

"Yes, I guess you can. She's gentle enough."

Helen unhitched Topsy, turned her around and drove down the shaded tree-lined street. It had been a long time since she had driven, but Topsy jogged along in the same way.

Forgetting about the pattern, Helen drove straight to the telephone office. "What time will this reach New York," she handed her message to the drowsy-looking operator.

He looked up at the clock—it was just ten minutes after one.

"It takes about two hours, delivery and all, but there's that much difference in time between here and there. So, I'd say they'd get it around this time."

"It's 70 cents for ten words, isn't it?" drawing out her purse.

"Yes, ma'am; that's the rate to New York."

As she drove slowly back her mind was filled with torturing doubts. Should she have sent the telegram? Or should she have waited a day or so longer? And yet it seemed that she had reached the limit of her endurance that she could not go through another day unless in some way she heard from him. He might have written and the letter miscarried! Oh, if she could only believe that! And yet, she thought of how small a proportion of letters are ever lost.

How many women, when waiting anxiously for a letter that does not come have asked themselves over and over, "Could it have been lost in the mail?"

Her Hopes and Fears.

And Warren's writing was not very plain. He wrote a careless, hurried

That these two Plymouth Rock hens won't lay?"

"They will," they replied. "Join the grange."

Chorus:

"I'll do it!" Tom said. "Take all four degrees."

Just give it to me any old way." So they did it last Friday in Battle Creek grange.

And Tommy gets four eggs a day. Chorus:

—Battle Creek Enquirer.

AT the Needles and Nods club in Decatur, Ind., we presume the members present take turns slapping their heads, as they ply their needles, and the others nod.

WE have long felt that school teachers should adopt some means of concealing their identity. Usually you can tell them as far as the eye can reach. Now an Indiana institute lecturer has provided for the men.

She advises them to wear red neckties and purple neckties will get a but is strangely silent about the women. Perhaps she believes in the power of suggestion.

Batter Up!  
(Bur Oak Acorn.)

By a recent issue of The Copper Era we notice that Mrs. Olive Teal Stevens of Morenci, Ariz., is retaining her well merited reputation as an artist in preparing good eats. It will not be surprising to her many friends in Burr Oak, her former home, to learn that in a spirited housewifery contest given by the Daughters of Rebekah of that place she easily won first prize, \$6 in cash. The award was made following tests, examination of texture, seasoning and the finer points of domestic science.

GENTLEMEN haunting the highways and byways of Washington in search of political spoils will get a much needed rest and have an opportunity to spend Christmas with their families. The president's vacation will also be restful.

THE prospective abolishment of free lunches in Chicago promises to materially reduce the number of the unemployed.

The Red Cross Seal.  
(Kansas City Journal.)

The Red Cross seal, it means a deal to those in alley ways:

On such as these that dread disease, tuberculosis, prey.  
To humble homes contagion comes and fills those homes with woe.

The Red Cross seal is an appeal for funds to fight the foe.

The Red Cross seal brings welcome weal to those who have scant hope.

With nothing done, the foe is one with which they can not cope.

The man who knows about their woes and for their sorrows feels  
Will help supply the funds and buy a lot of Red Cross seals.

VINCENT ASTOR and his fiancée at a five-cent picture show presents the reverse side of a champagne appetite and a beer income.

LAST call for Christmas shoppers.

THE stores close Dec. 25.

—C. N. F.

HELEN HAS A GLIMPSE OF A HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER.

hand and she had even known him thoughtlessly to address a letter to New York that was intended for another city.

Could he have written her and forgot to mail it? Perhaps even now he was carrying the letter in his pocket.

All these possibilities and many others she had thought of over and over.

Last night she had slept hardly at all. And this morning she had determined to telegraph. She could not stand another day's suspense.

But now, that the telegram was gone she began to dread the consequence. "But I have been here," he thought she was foolish and impatient?—And yet it had been ten days since his last note.

"Why is Helen Curtis?" Helen started.

A pretty young woman with two little children, waving at her from the porch of one of the houses, and she ran joyfully down to the gate. Helen drew up Topsy, and leaned out of the buggy to greet her old school mate, Edith Morrison.

"I saw by the paper that you and your little girl were here," exclaimed Edith, after the first enthusiasm of their meeting. "But I have been spending the week with Harold's mother out at Spring Valley and just got back. I was going to call on you tomorrow. Can you stop and come in to see me now?"

Helen hesitated.

A Glimpse of a Happy Wife.

"Oh do, I want you to see my children, and Harold's here too. He's not gone back from dinner yet."

Helen tied Topsy to the hitching post, and they went up the walk to the pretty two-story frame cottage, with its well-kept lawn and flower beds.

"This is my boy, Harold," as a sturdy little chap of five came toward them. "And this is Frances—she's three."

Frances, a doll-faced little girl, was sitting in a big chair nursing a black kitten. They sat on the porch and talked a few moments, and then Edith took Helen through her home.

It was a simple, unpretentious little home with a REAL home. There was something very sweet and intimate about its atmosphere.

Harold, big and sunburnt and wholehearted, came in from the garden where he had been fixing the grape arbor. He greeted Helen most cordially.

"I'm sorry I've got to get back to the store, but you must come over and have supper with us and spend the evening while you're here."

He kissed his wife good-bye, and swinging both children up on his broad shoulders, took them with him as far as the gate.

"You're very happy, aren't you?" Helen asked impulsively.

Edith stooped over to pick up one of the children's hats.

"Happy?" she looked up, her face aglow. "I think I'm the happiest woman in the world. And I've the best and dearest husband. Sometimes I wonder what I have done to deserve him."

Her School Girl Deal.

"Do you remember," Edith went on, as she smoothed the curls of her

# STATESMEN, REAL AND NEAR.

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Nothing ever bothers William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, unless it's a little thing.

The great affairs of his office never interrupt the calm, even tenor of his way at all. And if he had to ride a steel girder up to the top of a skyscraper in the course of the day's work, as he did on one occasion when the Hudson terminal buildings were under construction, that would not even muss up his eyebrows.

But if he can't find his fountain pen when he wants it—that is something else again.

A mouse can stampede a whole flock of elephants, and a lost fountain pen can completely upset the office of the secretary of the treasury.

Just why McAdoo's fountain pen should always be scampering out of sight and hiding itself away in odd nooks and crevices among the things on his desk, he does not know. He only knows that when he wants it the pen is never around.

McAdoo signs his name with a rather peculiar flourish and takes his pen in hand in a fatherly way. It is an unusual fountain pen he uses, too, a massive, gold-plated pen that will hold enough ink to fill a bathtub.

At the time of such catastrophes, all the messengers and stenographers about that suite of offices step into the breach and help search for McAdoo's pen. The hunt is a stirring event while it lasts.

However, the main idea of this story was not to tell about McAdoo's pen but about his first meeting with the dictaphone.

For a long time, beginning with a previous administration, treasury officials had no their desks a little outfit by means of which they could talk to one another without the bother of calling up through the department's central exchange. This form of dictaphone had no arrangement for recording conversation, but if one pressed a little button and the man at the other end pressed another little button, conversation might arise out of the thing as if from out of no where, and one could listen without the use of a telephone receiver.

Talk over the device always sounded queer—the noise of a little dog barking away off somewhere in the distance—but even at that the thing was considered handy.

Now, McAdoo had been in office for some time before he knew there was such an institution about his desk as a dictaphone. When he learned it was there he was seized instantly with a boyish desire to "see how it worked."

So one or two of his office assistants undertook to show him.

"You see," they told him, "you press this little jigger here and that till the man at the other end presses on making a slight buzzing sound under the thing to buzz."

His button. Then when the buzzing signal ceases you talk. Or you can stop the buzzing by pressing this little thing right over here."

The outfit had not been used for a few months and probably had got all gummed up, or varicosed or something. Anyway, when the thing started to buzz it kept right on buzzing. Now would it quit when it was asked to. This immediately got on William G. McAdoo's nerves.

"Shut it off, somebody!" he called out, after it had been buzzing for about a minute. "It's carrying on like a confounded locust!"

And that was the way it sounded. It went like this:

E-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!

Two or three able-bodied persons tried to shut it off, but it was no go. The thing kept right on.

And all the while McAdoo was becoming more vexed with the contrivance. It was not that the buzzing was so loud or that he could not have got used to it. What upset him was the utter helplessness of the situation. The idea of a jigger sitting there on his desk making a funny noise that he was powerless to hush up was simply too much.

The excitement grew. Two or three stenographers and a pair of colored messengers were called into consultation.

The only way they could effect the noise at all was by lifting the whole shooting-match off the desk. But that would not stop the buzzing. It only changed the key. Instead of buzzing a mere "e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!" when the outfit was lifted off the desk, it went:

"E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E!"

By that time the whole office was almost frantic. Their utter inability to cope with the situation completely unnerved them, one and all.

McAdoo was shouting orders, messengers were hurrying about, and strong men showed signs of complete despair. They got to such a pass that way like members of a volunteer brigade at a country fire. It was terrible.

Chief Clerk Wilmut came dashing in from his office down the corridor, but he, too, was unable to meet the crisis. Then somebody thought to send for the chief electrician.

He came, and sprung several technical expressions in explanation of what was the matter, but the little dicky kept right on with its buzzing. Then the electrician, in desperation, chopped some little wires in two—and then at last all was over.

Everybody sank back into a heavily upholstered Alice blue chair or lounge, such as are found in the office of the secretary of the treasury, and sighed a prolonged: U-g-h-h-h-h!

It had been something awful while it lasted.

And that was the last of the dictaphone. It was yanked up by the roots and removed from the premises early the next morning.

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little boy who had climbed into her lap. "Do you remember how as girls, we declared we would never marry?"

"Yes, we were going to have careers. You were to study music and I art. Wasn't that it?" Helen smiled and nodded.

"What foolish ideas girls have," holding closer the little form in her arms. "As though any career would compensate a woman for her man and her child. Oh, my dear, there is no happiness in the world like that of a happy wife and mother."

"Yes," repeated Helen wistfully, gazing out at a flowering bush in the yard. "There is no happiness like that of a happy wife and mother."

# Furs